Of her ore-eaten faith, are giuen to *Diomed*.
Vlis. May worthy *Troylus* be halfe attached
With that which heere his passion doth expresse?
Troy. I Greeke, and that shall be divulged well
In Characters as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did young man fancy
With so eternall and so fixt a soule.
Harke Greeke, as much I do *Cressid* loue,
So much by waight, hate I her *Diomed*:
That sleeue is mine, that heele beare on his Helme:
VVere it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill
My sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout
VVhich Shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constringd in Masse by the almighty sunne
Shal dizzy with more clamour Neptunes eare, in his discent,
Then shall my prompted sword, falling on *Diomed*.
Ther. Heele ticle it for his concupie.
Troy. O *Cressid*, O false *Cressid*, false, false, false:
Let all vntruthes stand by thy stained name,
And theyle seeme glorious.
Vlis. O containe your selfe;
Your passion drawes eares hether. *Enter Eneas.*
Aene. I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy:
Aiax your guard stayes to conduct you home.
Troy. Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adiew,
Farewell reuoulted faire: and *Diomed*
Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head.
Vlis. Ile bring you to the gates.
Troy. Accept distracted thankes.
Exeunt Troyl. Eeneas and Vlisses.
Ther. VVould I could meete that roague *Diomed*: I would croke like a Rauen, I would bode, I would bode: *Patroclus* will giue me any thing for the inteligence of this whore: the Parrot will not do more for an almond then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, still warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning diuell take them. *Exit.*

Enter